

07-26-1985-p.1

Morning at Elkdale - fine cleaning before OWP's visitor arrive; applied old English Furniture Polish to all wood -- the Church now smells wonderfully clean -- of course it is.

Picked two bouquets -- both unusual & very elegant

- 1) ferns, arranged in white fluted vase on yellow tablecloth on dining room table.
 - 2) a stem of yellow lilies from the bed on the Elkdale lawn -- about 10 blossoms on the one stalk; stem in tall vase -- about 1 1/2" in diameter; ^{vase on} ^{lunch} table.
- one of the Tiger lilies that DWP gave me blossomed so much.
 - delivered the CCPD/BR Newsletter + 2 pages of enclosure to PDQ this afternoon -- 250 copies; will be ready on Monday afternoon. Went to DBC and prepared final copy of RDT's "Summary History of the Carikawanna Valley Railroad" ¹⁹⁸⁵ that history & my Memorial Day Remarks in Memorial Park will be the substance of the next issue of the CHS+M Newsletter.
 - stopped at Golf Course & returned HLRP's vacuum cleaner, which I borrowed yesterday to clean up my rug after the 3-days of construction that went on in here; filled up my water jug; DWP & HLRP & WSP are all set for DWP's weekend guests.

07-26-1985-p.2

Returned to Elkdale & posted down a good deal of the next CHS+M Newsletter & then had some white rice & Chutney; Kirby Cucumbers & some of my red-wax encased Cheese, ^{which I made &} which is delicious -- it tastes like Camembert or Brie -- incredible, main vrai.

- Heavy rain & strong wind this afternoon -- my popcorn out back is blown over, largely. I hope that the stalks stand up again by themselves -- the corn is just on the point of tasselling-out (si ce mot-là existe).

9:50 P.M. - DWP just telephoned to say that his weekend guests and he will not be stopping 'round at Elkdale ce soir; "the Ducks just arrived, Tim did not come; Miss Brown has arrived" said DWP.

opened another pint of my currant jelly -- what a triumph; such pleasure it gives me to eat my own canned goods & vegetables! On page 283 of ABT's "The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book," Alice writes: "No first gathering of the garden in May of salads, radishes and herbs make me feel like a mother about her baby -- how could anything so beautiful be mine. And this emotion of wonder filled me for each vegetable as it was gathered every year. There is nothing that is comparable